

NO.
11

PEP COMICS

ACTION
DETECTIVE
ADVENTURE

EXTRA!! NEW!!

DUSTY

THE BOY DETECTIVE
WITH
THE SHIELD

JAN.

10¢

13¢ IN CANADA



NOVICK



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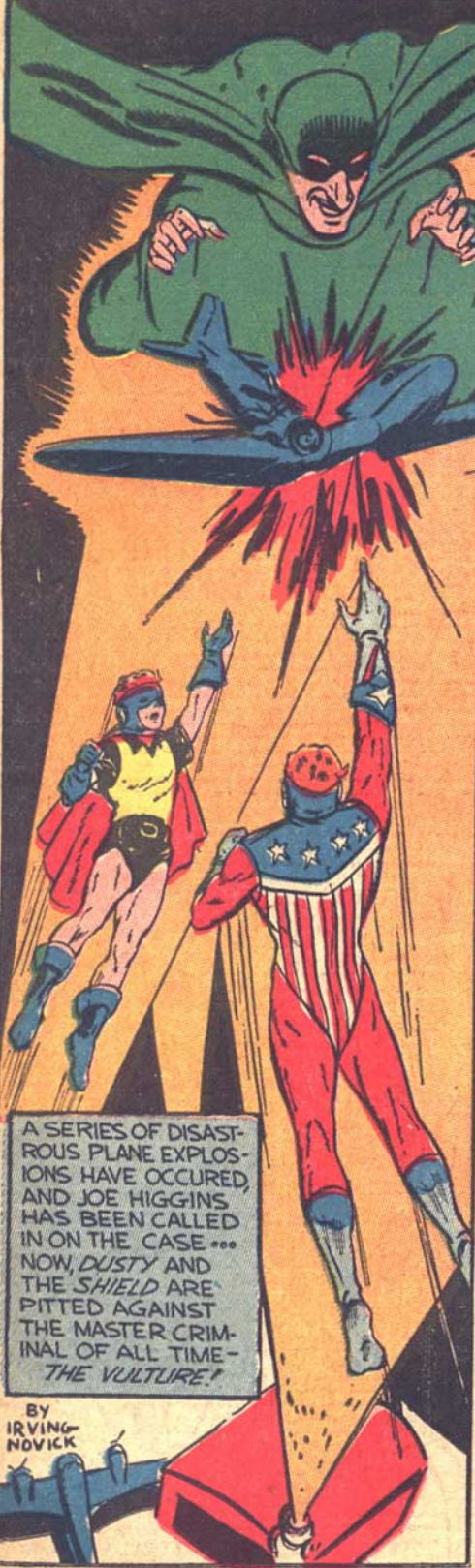
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THE SHIELD

WITH
DUSTY
THE SPECTACULAR
BOY DETECTIVE



A SERIES OF DISASTROUS PLANE EXPLOSIONS HAVE OCCURRED, AND JOE HIGGINS HAS BEEN CALLED IN ON THE CASE... NOW, DUSTY AND THE SHIELD ARE PITTED AGAINST THE MASTER CRIMINAL OF ALL TIME—THE VULTURE!

BY
IRVING
NOVICK

JOE HIGGINS, IN REALITY THE SHIELD, HAS BEEN ASSIGNED TO A SABOTAGE CASE IN AN AIRPLANE FACTORY...



AND WHEN I SUSPECTED SABOTAGE, I IMMEDIATELY PHONED THE F.B.I.!

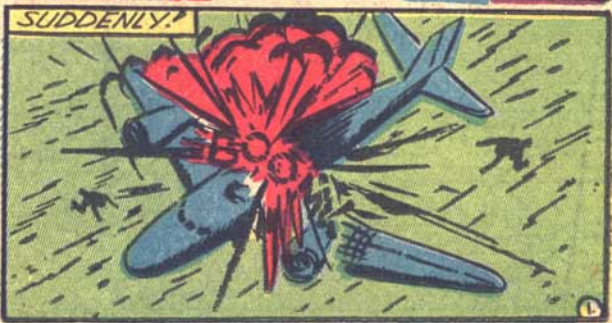
YOU AND JU TRY TO HUNT UP SOME CLUES, BETTY!

ALRIGHT, JOE!



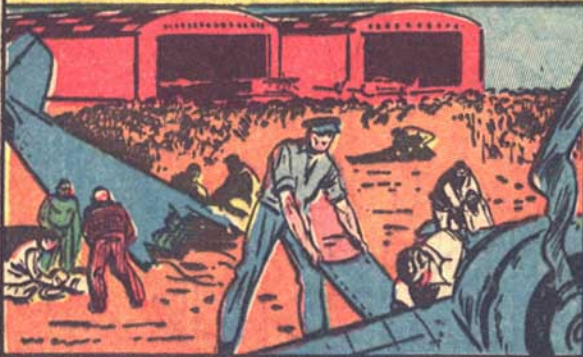
LOOK! ONE OF OUR PLANES IS ABOUT TO TAKE OFF!

NICE LOOKING, JOB!



SUDDENLY!

THE PLANE IS COMPLETELY DEMOLISHED, AND ALL THE OCCUPANTS ARE KILLED...



SUDDENLY, FROM THE CROWD, RUSHES A FRANTIC, TEARFUL BOY!

MY DAD WAS IN THAT PLANE... LET ME THROUGH!



DAD! DAD! HE'S DEAD! (sob) (sob)



I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! THIS PLANE WASN'T CARRYING ANY CARGO!

THERE'S SOMETHING FUNNY GOING ON!



THERE, THERE, SON! I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL! I LOST MY DAD THE SAME WAY!



MIGHT BE A GOOD IDEA TO LEAVE, SON! IT'S NOT A PLEASANT SIGHT!



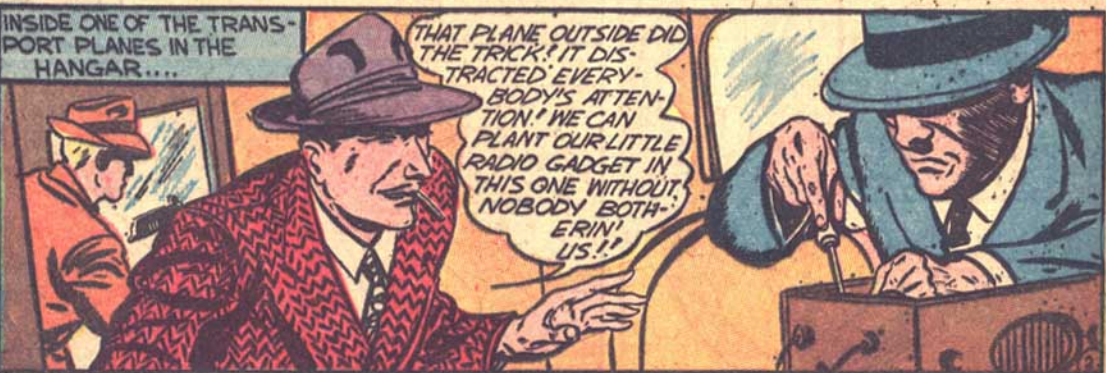
G.. GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT (SNIFF) (SNIFF) HE WAS THE BEST DAD A KID EVER HAD!

MEANWHILE, BETTY STILL HUNTS CLUES....

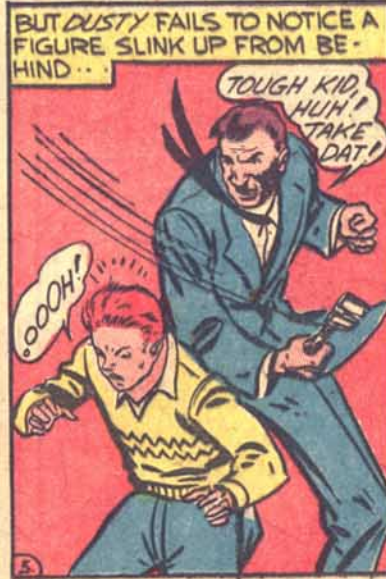


I HEAR VOICES COMING FROM INSIDE THAT PLANE! I'LL TAKE A LOOK!

INSIDE ONE OF THE TRANSPORT PLANES IN THE HANGAR...



THAT PLANE OUTSIDE DID THE TRICK! IT DISTRACTED EVERYBODY'S ATTENTION! WE CAN PLANT OUR LITTLE RADIO GADGET IN THIS ONE WITHOUT NOBODY BOTH-ERIN' US!!



JUST THEN, JOE HIGGINS ENTERS... A LIGHTNING CHANGE AND THE SHIELD STANDS FORTH...



I SAW THE LAST PART OF THE SCRAP. THAT RED-HEADED KID SURE PUT UP A WHOLE OF A FIGHT!!

HELLO GENTLEMEN! THIS PARTY ISN'T PRIVATE, I HOPE!



TH... THE SHIELD!!

WH... WHAT'LL WE DO?



I'LL MAKE UP YOUR MINDS FOR YOU! RELAX BOYS! WE'VE GOT A LOT TO TALK ABOUT!!

SHIELD! THOSE MEN! THEY WERE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE PLANE EXPLOSIONS!



THEY WERE, HUH? I'LL TAKE CARE OF THEM! HOW ARE YOU FEELING, SON?

OKAY!

THEY WERE ABOUT TO PLANT MORE EXPLOSIVES IN THIS PLANE!!



C'MON INSIDE WITH ME, MR.! YOU'VE GOT SOME EXPLAINING TO DO!

YOU TWO KEEP AN EYE ON THOSE BIRDS!



NO! NO! DON'T GO IN THERE!!

SO THAT'S THE GADGET! HOW DOES IT WORK?



GET ME OUT OF HERE! I'LL TELL YOU EVERYTHING!!

..... IN A FAR OFF LABORATORY A WEIRD FIGURE WATCHES THRU A NEW TELEVISION MACHINE



SO MY SERVANT WILL TELL ALL! HOW AMUSING!!



THE VULTURE THROWS A SWITCH, AND...



JUST THEN, JU JU WATSON APPROACHES THE HANGAR.





THOUGHT I MIGHT BE IN TROUBLE, EH? YOU SURE HAVE PLENTY OF SPUNK



SO YOUR NAME'S DUSTY HUH, REDHEAD?

YEAH! N' WHEN I GROW UP I WANNA BE LIKE YOU!



N' THEN I'LL WIPE OUT ALL CRIMINALS ALSO. I'LL GET EVEN FOR MY DAD!

YEARS AGO, ANOTHER LAD JUST LIKE YOU MADE THAT VOW! HE BE CAME THE SHIELD!



HOWD YOU LIKE TO WORK WITH ME--A BOY DETECTIVE! WE'LL MAKE A GREAT TEAM!

GEE WHIZ OH BOY--GULP! YOU BET!



THE SHIELD TAKES HIS PROTEGE TO HIS LABORATORY

FIRST THING YOU'VE GOT TO HAVE IS A UNIFORM, DUSTY.

BOY/THAT'S KEEN!



AND SO EMERGES DUSTY THE BOY DETECTIVE



AND NOW, WE'LL SHAKE, AS MAN TO MAN, NEVER TO DISCLOSE EACH OTHER'S IDENTITY!

SHAKE.!



TOWERING HIGH ON A MOUNTAIN-TOP AN EERIE CASTLE THRUSTS ITS SPIRES INTO THE DARK SKIES... THE ABODE OF THE VULTURE.

A CLOAKED FIGURE MAKES HIS WAY THROUGH THE CASTLE'S GLOOMY HALLS...



... AND INTO THE VULTURE'S LABORATORY...



I HAVE NEWS FOR YOU, MASTER!

I HAVE LEARNED THAT WILLIAM OSWALD IS SCARED! HE HAS THREATENED TO TELL EVERYTHING!

SO OSWALD DOES NOT WISH TO CONTINUE OUR ARRANGEMENT, EH?



HE SHALL LEARN THE LESSON THAT ALL DO, WHO CROSS THE PATH OF THE VULTURE!!



IN THE HOME OF WILLIAM OSWALD, THE MILLIONAIRE...

I SHAN'T INSURE ANY MORE FALSE CARGOES FOR THE VULTURE TO DESTROY!!



HE HAS COLLECTED HIS LAST PENNY OF INSURANCE THAT WAY! I WON'T BE INVOLVED IN MURDERING PEOPLE!



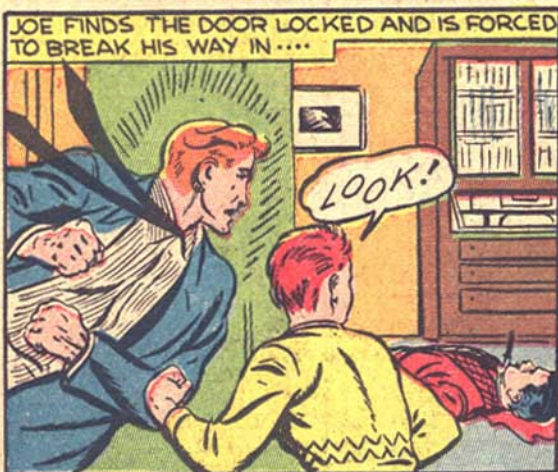
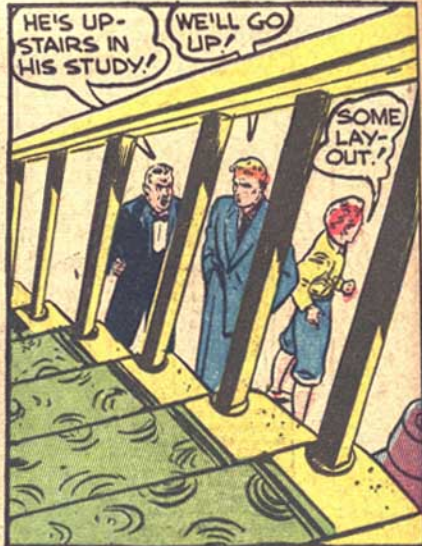
OSWALD, UNAWARE OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH HOVERING OVER HIM, PHONES THE POLICE...



YOUR CONFESSION, MR. OSWALD, SHALL BE MADE TO YOUR MAKER! HEH, HEH!

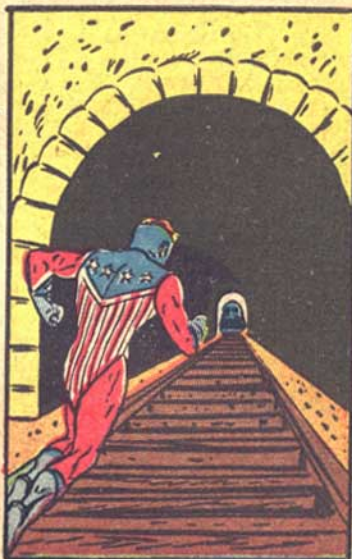
HELLO, HELLO! I HAVE A CONFESSION TO MAKE!





THE LIMITED ROARS TOWARD
ITS DOOM!!

AS THE SHIELD,
WITH THE SPEED
OF LIGHT, RUNS
TO MEET IT!!

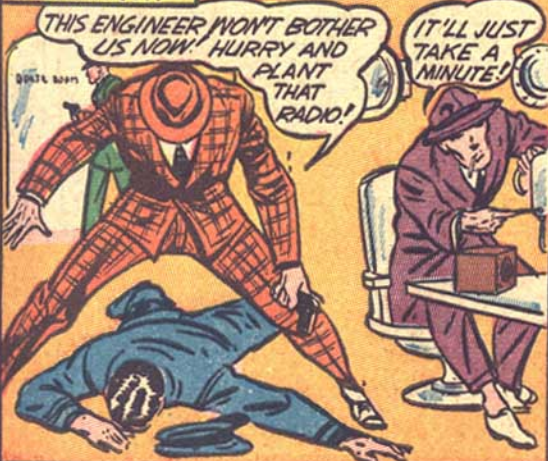


WHILE IN THE VULTURE'S
LABORATORY..

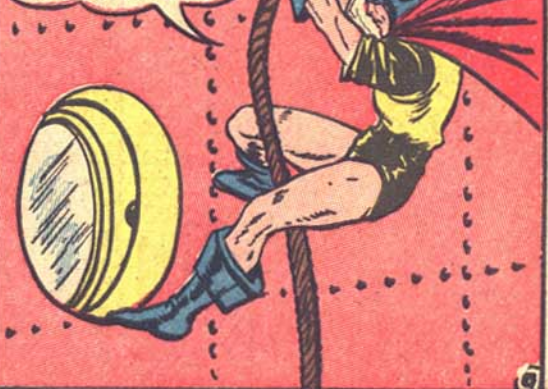
HA! IT IS EXACTLY!
NOW, I THROW THIS
RADIO-VIBRO
LEVER, AND...

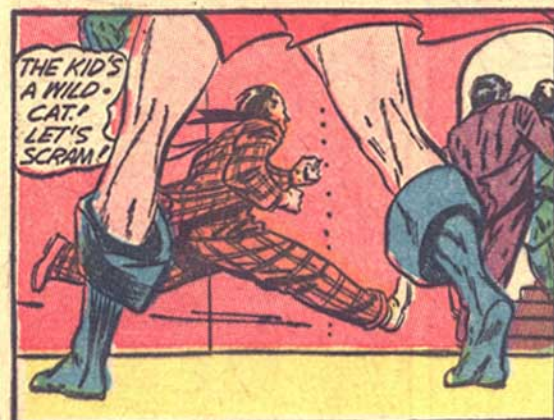
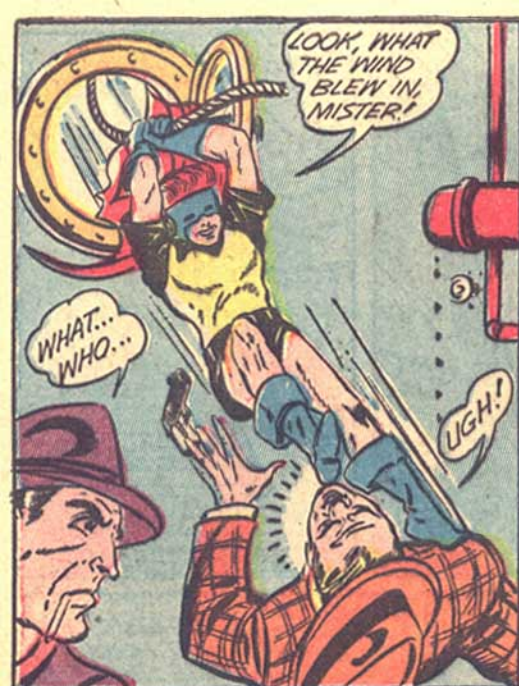


AT THAT MOMENT, ABOARD THE FREIGHTER
MARY ANN ...



THERE THEY ARE IN
THE BOILER ROOM.
'N THEY'RE FIXIN'
A RADIO LIKE THE
ONE IN THE PLANE!





DUSTY MANEUVERS THE
FREIGHT NET OVER THE RAIL



JUST THEN, THE SHIELD
ARRIVES...



HA, HA!
AND I WAS
WORRIED
ABOUT
DUSTY!

HELLO, SHIELD!
THERE THEY
ARE, WRAP-
PED, SEALED
AND READY
FOR DELIV-
ERY!!



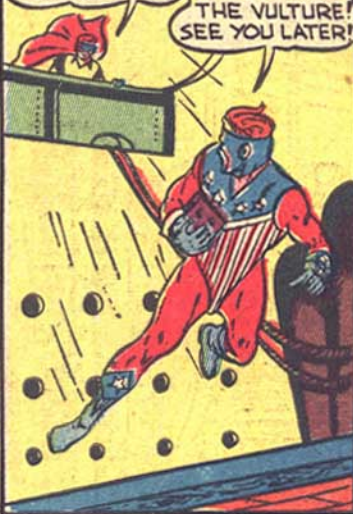
LOOK, SHIELD, I
FETCHED THE
RADIO!

HERE!
GIVE IT TO
ME, DUSTY!



WHERE YOU
GOING, SHIELD?

I'VE GOT A
DATE WITH
THE VULTURE!
SEE YOU LATER!

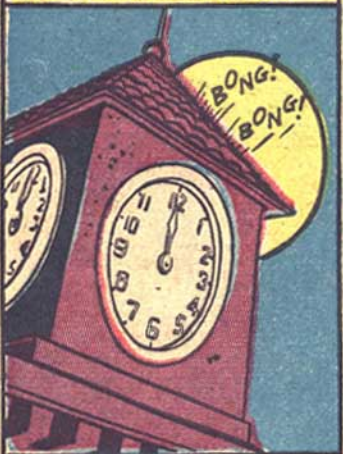


THE SHIELD MAKES HIS WAY
TOWARD ROSE HILL

THERE'S THE
VULTURE'S
CASTLE, AND
IT'S ALMOST
12 O'CLOCK!



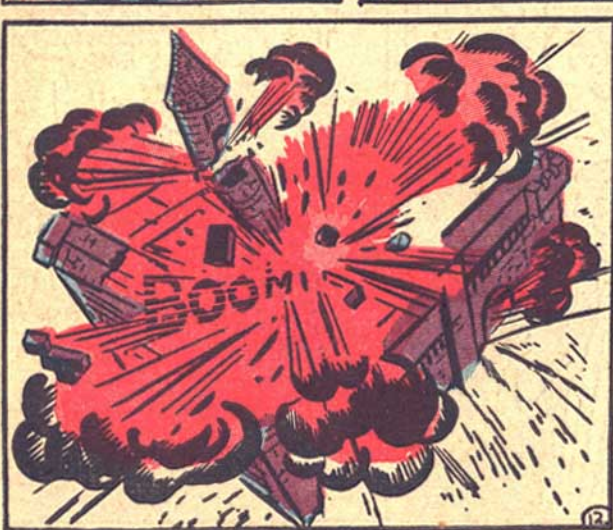
THE CLOCK BOOMS 12! THE
FATAL HOUR IS AT HAND!



HERE'S YOUR GADGET BACK,
VULTURE! NOW GO
AHEAD AND
EXPLODE IT!



12 O'CLOCK! THE SHIP
SHOULD BE
WELL OUT
TO SEA BY
NOW! RICHES
SHALL BE
MINE!!



LATER DUSTY RETURNS WITH JOE TO
HIS ROOM!

HI YA,
BETTY!

WHERE
IS JUJU?

YOU TELL ME!
A FINE G-MAN YOU
ARE! NEVER
AROUND WHEN
THERE'S TROUBLE!



THE SHIELD DOES ALL THE WORK AND YOU TAKE THE CREDIT! WELL, AT LEAST YOU CAN TRY TO LOCATE JU JU!!

JU JU! WHAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED TO HIM? LET'S GO BACK TO THE AIRPORT!

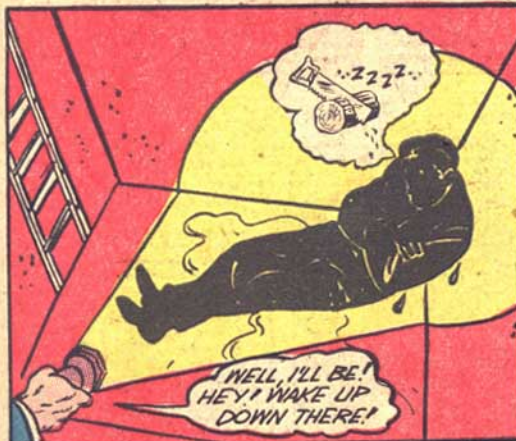
AT THE AIRPORT.....

SEEN ANYTHING OF A G-MAN, WATCH-MAN?

NOPE! BUT YOU'RE WELCOME TO LOOK AROUND!

HEY! JOE, BETTY...! FOUND HIM. HA, HA! HE'S IN THE GREASE PIT!!

GREASE PIT



WELL, I'LL BE! HEY! WAKE UP DOWN THERE!

LATER...

I COULDN'T CLIMB OUT... I WAS TOO SLIPPERY WITH GREASE! BUT I DID A LOT OF THINKING AND I GOT ALL THE ANGLES FIGURED OUT! NOW MY THEORY... ETC... ETC

IT'S ALL OVER, JU JU! THE SHIELD SOLVED THE CASE!

THE NEXT DAY THE FIRE AND POLICE DEPARTMENTS COMB THE WRECKAGE OF THE VULTURE'S CASTLE...

THAT'S FUNNY! HIGGINS, THE G-MAN, SAID WE'D FIND A BODY IN THERE!

WELL, WE'VE SEARCHED FOR HOURS AND NOT A SIGN OF IT! HE MUST'VE BEEN MISTAKEN

HOW COULD THE VULTURE HAVE SURVIVED THE TREMENDOUS BLAST? WILL THE SHIELD AND DUSTY- THE BOY DETECTIVE, ONCE AGAIN BE PLAGUED BY THE MASTER FIEND? YOU'LL MISS A LOT IF YOU MISS THE NEXT ISSUE OF **PEP COMICS** STARRING - THE SHIELD AND DUSTY- THE BOY DETECTIVE!

THE COMET

ANOTHER
SMASH ADVENTURE
OF THE
MOST ASTOUND-
ING MAN ON THE
FACE OF THE
EARTH!

TOM BRUMBY IS JUST LEAVING
THE OFFICE OF THE DAILY BLAST,
WHEN.....

BLAIR-STREETER

GOT HIM!

UGH!

THELMA GORDON, GIRL
REPORTER, SEES THE
NEWSPAPER MAN SHOT DOWN

OH!

TOM! TOM!

RESIDE DAILY

OFFICE

GET - STORY - MY
DEPOSIT BOX! KEY -
IN - MY - POCKET!

TOM....
HE'S DEAD!

EXTRA! EXTRA!
REPORTER SHOT
DOWN IN COLD-
BLOOD. READ ALL
ABOUT IT!

LATER... THELMA GOR-
DON SUMMONS THE
COMET TO HER
APARTMENT....

BUT WHAT'S BEHIND
IT, THELMA?
THERE MUST
HAVE BEEN A
REASON!

THERE IS!
THAT'S WHY I HAD
YOU COME HERE!
I WANT YOU TO
GO TO THE BANK
WITH ME!

THE REASON WHY
TOM BRUMBY WAS
KILLED IS HIDDEN
IN HIS DEPOSIT BOX!



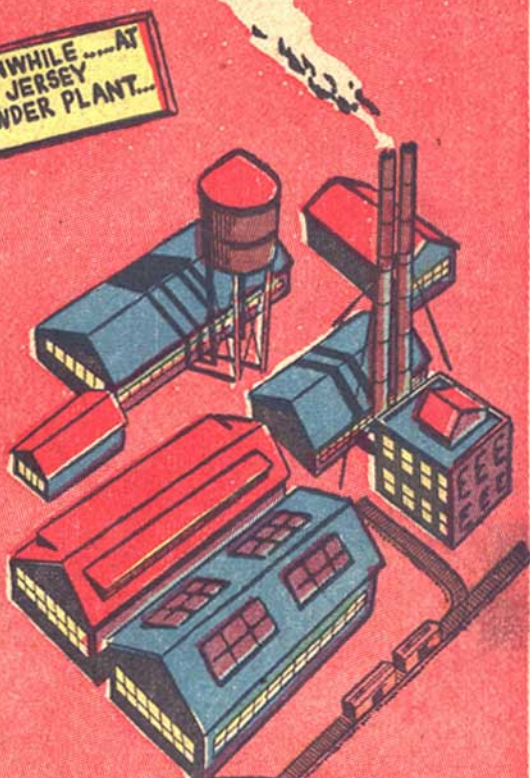
BACK AT THE COMET'S APARTMENT.

THIS IS AMAZING! THAT
LAD SAT IN ON SOME MEET-
INGS OF A FIFTH COLUMN
ORGANIZATION!

WHAT'S THIS?? THEIR
FIRST JOB IS TO BLOW
UP THE JERSEY POW-
DER COMPANY-
TODAY!







HEY! FELLOWS! RUN
FOR YOUR LIVES! THE
PLACE IS ON FIRE!

PLANT 2

THE AUTOMATIC
ALARM RINGS
OUT THROUGH
THE PLANT

FIRE ALARM

AND THE WORKMEN FLEE IN TER-
ROR

WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT!

WE'RE DOOMED!

FIRE!

HELP!

HELP!

A DEAFENING EXPLOSION—
AND THEN—A SERIES OF
THUNDEROUS DETONA-
TIONS THAT ROCK THE
COUNTRYSIDE—AND
BLASTS MEN AND MACH-
INERY TO KINGDOM COME!

BOOM

A FEW MINUTES
LATER THE COMET
ARRIVES....

TOO LATE! I'M TOO
LATE! BUT—WHAT'S
THAT UP THE
ROAD?

A POWDER WORKER!
HE LEFT THE PLANT
LONG BEFORE THE
BLOW-UP OR HE'D
NEVER BE CLEAR
OUT HERE!



PERRY CHASE.... PRESS GUARDIAN

ONLY CYNTHIA BLAKE KNOWS THAT PERRY CHASE, SON OF THE PUBLISHER OF THE "DAILY EXPRESS", IS IN REALITY, THE BATTLING PROTECTOR OF THE FOURTH ESTATE.... THE PRESS GUARDIAN!



PETER LA FLAMME.

YOU'RE LATE WITH
YOUR PAYMENT. I'M GIVING
YOU UNTIL FIVE O'CLOCK
TO MEET ME AT 347
WEST 4TH STREET
WITH THE DOUGH,
OR ELSE.

M.T.

I KNOW THAT
ADDRESS! IT'S JUST
A COUPLE OF BLOCKS
FROM HERE..

C'MON, CYNTHIA,
WE'RE GOING
CALLING!

347 WEST 4TH..
..MMM.. THAT HOUSE IS
VACANT...IT WAS CON-
DEMNED. SOUNDS
LIKE A NICE
SPOT FOR A
HIDE-OUT!

HERE'S THE
PLACE...

IF I'M NOT OUT
IN FIFTEEN
MINUTES...
CALL AN AM-
BULANCE OR
THE BLACK
HOOD OR SOME-
THING!

OH,
PERRY!!
DON'T
JOKE...
PLEASE
BE CARE-
FUL!

GOSH, IT'S DARK
IN HERE! WELL-
HERE'S WHERE
I DO A QUICK
CHANGE TO...

..THE PRESS
GUARDIAN!

AH! VOICES!



WOW! SO
BIG MIKE
TONETTI IS
MIXED UP
IN THIS!



BUT M'SIEU TONETTI,
I HAFF NOT ZE MONEE
YOU REQUIRE. A LITTLE
MORE TIME, S'IL VOUS PLAIT!



LISTEN, PUNK! YOU'VE
HAD ALL THE TIME YOU'RE
GONNA GET! DON'T FORGET,
YOU CAME INTO THIS COUN-
TRY ILLEGALLY, AND I CAN
PROVE IT!



UNLESS YOU COME
ACROSS WITH THE HUSH
MONEY, THE IMMIGRATION
AUTHORITIES ARE GONNA
HEAR ABOUT YOU, AND
QUICK!



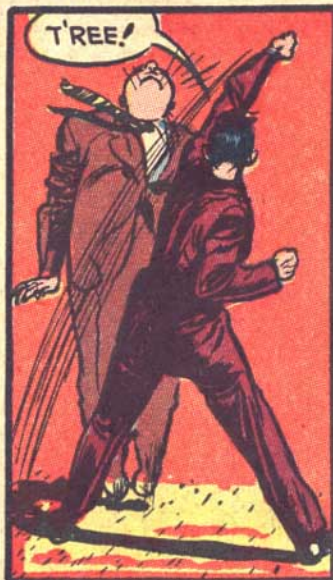
BUT PLEASE, M'SIEU!
IF I AM DEPORTED, MY
FAMILY..... THEY WILL....



I'VE HEARD
ENOUGH!









SAINTS BE PRAISED!
WHAT'S BEEN GOIN'
ON IN HERE..... A
CYCLONE?



LOOKS MORE LIKE THE
PRESS GUARDIAN'S
OWN VERSION OF
"GONE WITH THE
WIND!"



I HAVE
BEEN
THINKING,
M'SIEU....



I SHALL REPORT TO
ZE POLICE AND TESTIFY
AGAINST TONETTI! IT WILL
MEAN MY DEPORTATION,
BUT IT WILL END TONETTI'S
REIGN OF TERROR!

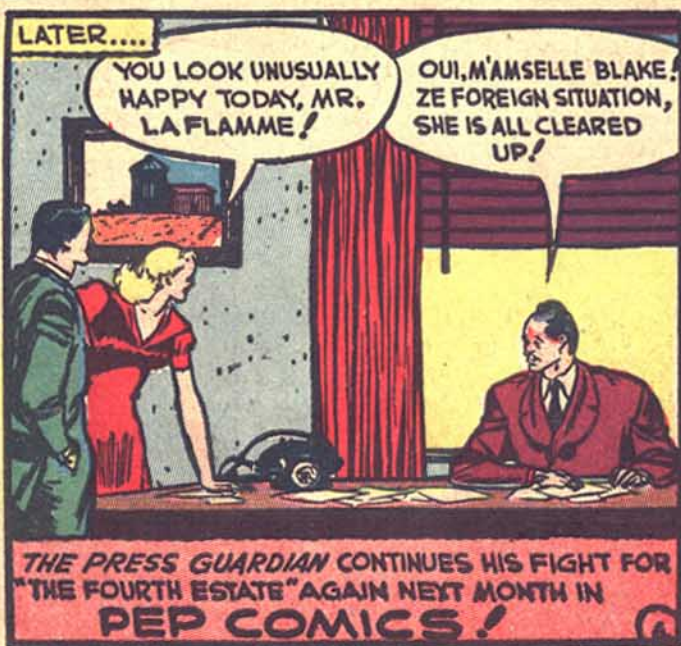


PETER, YOU CAME
INTO THIS COUNTRY
BEFORE THE
WORLD WAR,
DIDN'T YOU?

OUI,
M'SIEU!
IN 1913.
BUT WHY?



WHEN YOU VOLUNTEERED TO
FIGHT FOR OUR COUNTRY, YOU
TOOK THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE
AND THAT AUTOMATICALLY MADE
YOU A CITIZEN! THAT MEANS YOU
CAN'T BE DEPORTED!



LATER....

YOU LOOK UNUSUALLY
HAPPY TODAY, MR.
LA FLAMME!

OUI, M'AMSELLE BLAKE.
ZE FOREIGN SITUATION,
SHE IS ALL CLEARED
UP!

THE PRESS GUARDIAN CONTINUES HIS FIGHT FOR
"THE FOURTH ESTATE" AGAIN NEXT MONTH IN
PEP COMICS!

FU CHANG

International

DETECTIVE



FU CHANG, CHINESE SCHOLAR EDUCATED IN AMERICA, IS HEIR TO THE MAGIC CHESS-MEN OF ALADDIN, WITH WHOSE AID HE COMBATS THE FORCES OF EVIL AND OPPRESSION. NOW, WITH HIS FIANCÉE, TAY MING, FU CHANG RETURNS TO CHINA — HOME OF HIS ANCESTORS.

ONE DAY AS FU CHANG AND TAY MING STROLL ALONG A STREET IN CHAK-KU...



A STRANGE NATIVE KNOCKS THE INTERNATIONAL DETECTIVE TO THE SIDEWALK.

THAT WASN'T AN ACCIDENT, TAY MING! LOOK! HE DROPPED A NOTE!



THE ABBOT OF CHAK-KU BEGS FU CHANG TO CALL ON HIM AT ONCE, IN THE NAME OF THE LORD BUDDHA — THE ABBOT ENTREATS IT.

WHAT CAN IT MEAN, FU CHANG!

I DON'T KNOW, BUT I WILL CALL ON THE MOST HOLY ONE, OF COURSE! IT IS AN HONOR!



FU CHANG HURRIES OFF TO
CHAK-KU MISSION...



...AND WALKS DOWN THE
LONG, NARROW, CANDLE-LIT
CORRIDOR, WHERE HE IS
USHERED INTO THE PRE-
SENCE OF THE ABBOT.



FU CHANG, THIS MOST
HUMBLE ONE THANKS
THE ALMIGHTY FOR
YOUR HONORABLE
VISIT!

IT IS I WHO
AM HONORED,
MOST HOLY!



AS HE SPEAKS, TWO ORIENT-
ALS ENTER THE CHAMBER...



AH! HA-RI,
THE BLIND
ARRIVES!

THIS IS WHY I HAVE SUMMONED YOU! IN THIS PACKAGE IS
THE REAL JADE BUDDHA—STOLEN FROM
THE TEMPLE OF THE SEVEN AGES.

MANY YEARS AGO,
A FALSE IDOL
NOW OCCUPIES
ITS PLACE IN
THE TEMPLE!



IN TRYING TO RE-
PLACE THIS BUDD-
HA—AND ATTEMPT-
ING TO REMOVE
THE FALSE ONE,
HA-RI LOST HIS
EYES!



THE PRIESTS OF THE
TEMPLE SET UPON HIM...



BELIEVING HIM A COMMON THIEF / 2

AND REMOVED HIS EYES FROM THEIR SOCKETS, THAT HE MIGHT NEVER AGAIN GAZE UPON THE BUDDHA.



YES, FU CHANG, THAT IS THE TRUE STORY! I TOLD IT TO THE ABBOT AND HE AGREES WITH ME THAT THE REAL BUDDHA MUST BE REPLACED AND THE FALSE ONE REMOVED! BUT, THE PRIESTS OF THE TEMPLE AND OUR PEOPLE MUST NEVER KNOW THAT THEY HAVE BEEN WORSHIPING AN UNTRUE GOD ALL THESE YEARS!



SO, I HAVE CALLED UPON YOU, FU CHANG, TO ACCOMPLISH THIS TASK! IF YOU FAIL - THE PENALTY AT THE HANDS OF THE PRIESTS IS DEATH - OR WORSE!

I ACCEPT THE TASK, MOST HOLY!



BEFORE SETTING OUT ON HIS TASK, FU CHANG DECIDES TO RETURN TO HIS HOME



AND THIS, TAY MING, IS SUPPOSED TO BE THE REAL SACRED JADE BUDDHA!

I—I FEAR FOR YOUR SAFETY, BELOVED!



LET US CONSULT THE GOD OF OUR FATHERS, AND ASK HIS GUIDANCE!



THE GOD AWAKENS, AND SHEDS THE LIGHT OF LIFE ON THE MAGIC CHESSMEN.



CREATURES! AWAKE AND AID FU CHANG!



FU CHANG AND TAY MING — WITH TWO OF THE MAGIC CHESSMEN CONCEALED ON THEIR PERSONS — SET OUT FOR THE TEMPLE OF THE SEVEN AGES.

BUT WHAT IF YOU FAIL, FU CHANG?

I CANNOT FAIL, TAY MING. THE PENALTY FOR FAILURE IS DEATH!

AS THEY ENTER THE TEMPLE, THE PRIESTS GLANCE AT THEM FOR A MOMENT.

AND CONTINUE THEIR CEASELESS PACING IN FRONT OF THE SHRINE.

HIGH ABOVE, IN A NICHE IN THE WALL REPOSES THE OBJECT OF THE WORSHIPPERS — THE GREEN JADE BUDDHA.

WHILE BELOW IT — IN ANOTHER NICHE — A MAGIC CHESSMAN SUDDENLY APPEARS



AS THE PRIESTS AVERT THEIR ATTENTION FOR A MOMENT, THE CHESSMAN SPEEDS TO THE NICHE CONTAINING THE IDOL.

HE SIGNALS TO HIS COMPATRIOT BELOW.....

THE SECOND CHESSMAN — DISGUISED AS THE BUDDHA — FLIES SWIFTLY FROM HIS HIDING PLACE

SHH! LOOK, TAY MING, WHAT HAPPENS WITHIN THE NEXT FEW SECONDS—MAY MEAN THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH TO US.

EVEN NOW, THE LITTLE MEN OF MAGIC ARE MAKING THE SUBSTITUTION!



THE MAGIC CHESSMAN GRASPS THE IDOL, HESITATES AN INSTANT, AND.....



.. SPEEDS AWAY FROM THE NICHE

DELIVERING THE IDOL AT THE FEET OF HIS MASTER.



ONE OF THE TEMPLE PRIESTS GLANCES UPWARD.



HO! SACRED MOTHER! WHAT DO MY UNWORTHY EYES DISCLOSE?



THE SACRED BUDDHA—IT IS GONE!

THIEVES! INFIDELS! DEATH SHALL BE YOUR LOT!



THE PRIEST CHALLENGES THE INTERNATIONAL DETECTIVE AND BEAUTIFUL TAY MING.



TRULY—THERE IS SOME MISTAKE! LOOK, HOLY ONES! THE BUDDHA IS IN ITS RIGHTFUL PLACE!



AS FU CHANG SPEAKS, THE SECOND CHESSMAN—DISGUISED AS THE IDOL—SETTLES HIMSELF IN THE NICHE

IT IS OUR ERROR!
WE BEG YOUR
FORGIVENESS!

THE DIM
LIGHT OF THE
TEMPLE SOMETIMES
DECEIVES ONE'S EYES!



WHEN HE HAS THE CHANCE, FU
CHANG WETS A FINGER AND
PLACES IT ON THE JEWELLED
EYES OF THE BUDDHA

SO! THESE ARE THE **REAL**
DIAMONDS, BECAUSE YOU
CAN NOT
MOISTEN
A DIAMOND!
THIS **IS**
THE **REAL**
BUDDHA!
IT IS AS I
THOUGHT!



BRAVE CHESSMAN, REPLACE
THIS SACRED IDOL
IN THE NICHE
AGAIN! IT IS THE
TRUE JADE
BUDDHA.

THEN
THOSE MEN
THEY ARE
PLOTTERS!



YES, TAY MING. HA-RI AND
HIS ACCOMPLICE WERE
TRYING TO GET ME TO
STEAL THE BUDDHA.
IT WOULD HAVE BEEN
WORTH A KING'S RANSOM
TO THEM!



FU CHANG AND TAY MING HURRY
TO THE ABBOT'S QUARTERS

RAISE YOUR HANDS,
CONSPIRATORS! YOUR
PLOT IS AT AN
END!



THERE IS NO FURTHER REA-
SON TO DENY IT, FU CHANG!
I WAS HOPING TO HAVE
THE
BUDDHA
IN MY
POSSESS-
ION!



SINCE YOU CONFESS, INSTEAD
OF TURNING YOU OVER TO THE
OFFICIALS, I FREE YOU ON
CONDITION YOU
NEVER SET FOOT
IN A SACRED
TEMPLE AGAIN!



YOU ARE A GREAT AND GOOD
MAN, FU CHANG! I THANK YOU
FROM THE BOTTOM
OF MY HEART FOR
AVERTING A
GREAT TRAGEDY
TO OUR
PEOPLE!

I AM
HUMBLY
GRATEFUL
FOR YOUR
THANKS, MOST
HOLY!



CONFUCIOUS SAY: IT
IS NOT BUDDHA WHO
MAKES MAN GREAT, BUT MAN
WHO MAKES BUDDHA
GREAT!



AND FU CHANG SAY: FOR THE
BEST IN COMIC MAGAZINES -

PEP COMICS

GET MY VOTE - AND
TAY MING'S TOO !!!



Free Tinguin'

THE American cowboy has always been an independent cuss in speech as well as action. Though he borrowed and adapted many articles of his picturesque outfit from the Mexican vaquero and took along their Spanish names for good measure, he couldn't be bothered with correct Spanish pronunciation. When asked by a new-comer how he managed to pronounce all the Spanish names of things so commonly used on the Border, an old Texas "brush-popper" replied:

"Pernounce 'em, hell! I jest kinder free-tongue 'em!" So today we have in cowboy language a lot of words of Spanish origin that bear little resemblance to Spanish. For the Texas cowmen not only "free-tongued 'em"—they also "free-spelt 'em."

The vaqueros called a tie rope a *meate* (may-cah'-tay). All over cattleground today you hear it called a "McCarty." That slim stiff rope woven from the fiber of the yucca century plant is a *maguey* (mah-gwa'y)—but the free-tonguin' puncher calls it "McGay." When the Mexican cowboy speaks of an improvised rope halter he calls it a *jaquima* (ha h-kee-mah)—so today in the dictionaries you'll find "hackamore" as a good western word for rope halter!

A recent popular movie-cowboy song uses "buckeroo" to mean a bucking horse or bronco, but "buckeroo" or "buckaroo" is just the cowboy's way of pronouncing *vaquero*, meaning "cowboy." "V" sounds and "b" sounds are interchangeable in Spanish. Texas cowboys found it hard to twist their tongues around *cocinero*, the Spanish word for "cook," so they just called it "coosie," and "coosie" it is to this day.

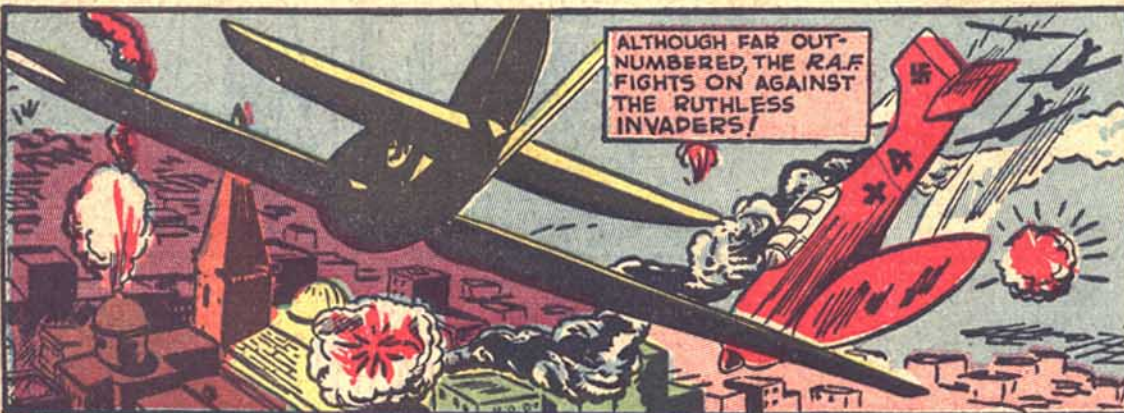
Asked to name a certain queer-looking brand, a Mexican vaquero shrugged and said "Quien sabe?"—meaning "who knows?" The brand is still known today as the "Kin Savvy," because that's the way it sounded to a Texas puncher. The "Dolly Welter" wasn't named in memory of some cowboy's sweetie. Sometimes it is called a "dally," and it means the turn taken around a saddle horn with a rope to make it holdable when it isn't tied fast. Back in Border Spanish where it came from it was "dale vuelta" (dah'-lay vwa'yl-tah) and means, literally, "give it a turn." *Caballada* (cah-vahl-ya'h-thah), meaning simply a bunch of horses, is a right smart mouthful, so in cowboy lingo it's a "cavvy."

It would take a book big enough to throw at a bear to list all such cowboy words borrowed, free-tongue style, from the Spanish, but the cowboy isn't the only one who made use of the musical Castilian language to suit his own tongue and ears. Take our familiar southern word "pickaninny." It came to us from Spanish Louisiana. Try saying *pequeno nino* (pay-ka'yn-yo ne'en yo), Spanish for "little child," as fast as you can, then free-tongue it a little and see for yourself if it isn't plain old "pickaninny"!

SERGEANT BOYLE



FOR TWENTY-ONE DAYS AND TWENTY-ONE NIGHTS THE CITY OF LONDON HAS BEEN CONSTANTLY POUNDED FROM THE AIR, AS THE NAZI WAR MACHINE PREPARES ENGLAND FOR THE FINAL BLITZ KRIEG!



ALTHOUGH FAR OUT-NUMBERED, THE R.A.F. FIGHTS ON AGAINST THE RUTHLESS INVADERS!

MEANWHILE... IN THE BOMB SHELTERS, THE CITIZENS OF LONDON CARRY ON, IN SPITE OF THE INVADERS' FIERCEST EFFORTS!



IF THOSE GERMANS THINK THEY CAN SCARE US, THEY'VE GOT ANOTHER GUESS COMING!

WE'LL TAKE EVERYTHING THEY CAN GIVE - THEN DISH IT RIGHT BACK AT THEM!

HEAR THAT? THE STUKAS ARE AT IT AGAIN...



HO-HUM! SLEEP WELL, BOYLE?

SURE DID, TWERP...HEY! WHAT'S THIS GUY SO EXCITED ABOUT?



OUR BOYS SHOT DOWN A HEINIE! A MOB'S GOT HIM IN THE STREET. I TRIED TO TAKE HIM AWAY FROM THEM, BUT THEY WOULDN'T LET ME... THEY'LL KILL HIM!



C'MON, TWERP. IF A PILOT WAS SHOT DOWN, HE'S A PRISONER OF WAR, NOT HANGNOOSE BAIT FOR A MOB!

I'M RIGHT BEHIND YOU!



STAND BACK, FOLKS. WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THIS MAN!

HE MAY HAVE VALUABLE INFORMATION TO GIVE US!



A FEW HOURS LATER

THE MAJOR'S SURE BEEN WORKING ON HIM A LONG TIME!

I WONDER IF HE FOUND ANYTHING.



THAT BIRD WONT SPILL A THING... HE KNOWS PLENTY, BUT WE CAN'T GET IT OUT OF HIM!

MAY I QUESTION HIM, MAJOR? I MAY BE ABLE TO MAKE HIM TALK.



RIGHTO, BOYLE, GO TO IT. BUT - REMEMBER, NO ROUGH STUFF. THIS MAN IS A PRISONER OF WAR



HELLO, HEINIE! HOW ABOUT BEING A NICE EGG AND SPILLING WHAT YOU KNOW?

HYA, LIMEY... HOW ABOUT TAKING A GOOD HOT BATH FOR YOURSELF?

WISE GUY, HUH? OPEN UP OR I'LL SLAP YOU SILLY— WE WANT TO KNOW YOUR HIGH COMMAND'S PLANS!

EVEN IF I KNEW, I WOULDN'T TELL. SO STOP WASTING YOUR TIME!



LAY OFFA ME, YUH BIG BALONEY— YOU'RE TOUGH BECAUSE YUH GOT A WHOLE ARMY BEHIND YUH!

SO THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, EH?



WELL, GET UP, AND WE'LL HAVE IT OUT, MAN TO MAN— AND THE UNIFORMS AND THE ARMIES DON'T MEAN A THING. THIS IS BETWEEN YOU AND ME!



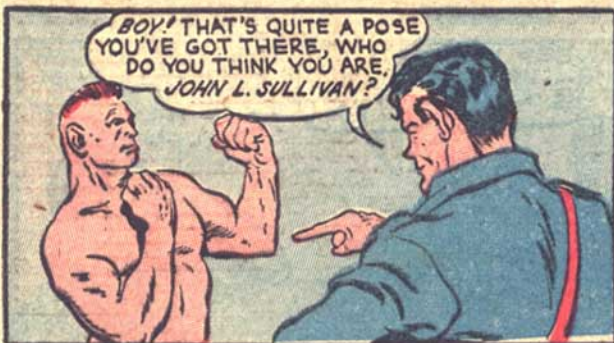
OKAY, BUDDY! IF THAT'S HOW YOU WANT IT, I'LL BE GLAD TO DO MY BIT!



GET 'EM UP!



BOY! THAT'S QUITE A POSE YOU'VE GOT THERE, WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE, JOHN L. SULLIVAN?



THINK IT'S FUNNY, EH? HOW'S THIS?



NOT BAD, NOT BAD! WITH A LITTLE BIT OF TEACHING YOU COULD PROBABLY LEARN TO BE A PRETTY GOOD FIGHTER.



MAYBE YOU WANT TO TEACH ME



ALRIGHT, I WILL!





COME OUT OF IT, BUDDY!
COME OUT OF IT!
COME ON, YOU MADE A
GOOD TRY! A
CLEAN ONE!



WHY DIDN'T YOU
TELL WHAT YOU
KNEW TO THE
MAJOR?



I NEVER FORGET A
FACE. THAT MAJOR
WAS A BOXING REFEREE
WHEN I WAS A PUG, AND
HE' ONCE GAVE ME A
BUM DECISION!



WELL, THAT'S
OLD STUFF—
LET'S GO OUT
AND TELL
HIM YOU'LL
TALK?

OKAY... I DON'T KNOW
TOO MUCH BUT I
SAW THE GERMANS
SHIPPING THOUSANDS
OF TANKS TO THE AIR-
PORTS ALL ALONG
THE ENGLISH
CHANNEL.



YOU SEE, MAJOR, THOUSANDS
OF PLANES AND THOUSANDS
OF TANKS ARE HIDDEN FROM
OUR AIRFORCE. THAT MEANS
THEY'RE PLANNING AN
INVASION!

YES, BUT HOW
CAN WE STOP
THEM, IF OUR
PLANES CAN'T
FIND THEM?



I'LL FIND THEM!
AND IF I CAN'T STOP
THEM, I'LL AT LEAST
KNOW
THEIR
POSITION!

HEY, WAIT! HOW CAN YOU
GET ACROSS THE CHAN-
NEL—A PLANE WOULD
BE SEEN AN' A BOAT
CAN'T GET THROUGH!



FAIR
ENOUGH!

SQUARE HEAD, THAT GUY IS THE BEST
SOLDIER AND THE FINEST MAN I
EVER KNEW. IF YOU GAVE US A
BUM STEER, AND HE DOESN'T
COME BACK, I'LL PERSONALLY
KILL YOU!



SO FAR AS I
CAN SEE THERE'S
ONLY ONE WAY
OVER.....



AND THIS IS IT... IF
GERTRUDE EDERLE
COULD SWIM THE
ENGLISH CHANNEL,
SO CAN I!

HOURS LATER, SERGEANT BOYLE IS STILL BATTLING AGAINST THE MERCILESS SEA.

GOOD THING THESE MINES ARE HERE. I CAN HANG ON TO THEM, TO REST.

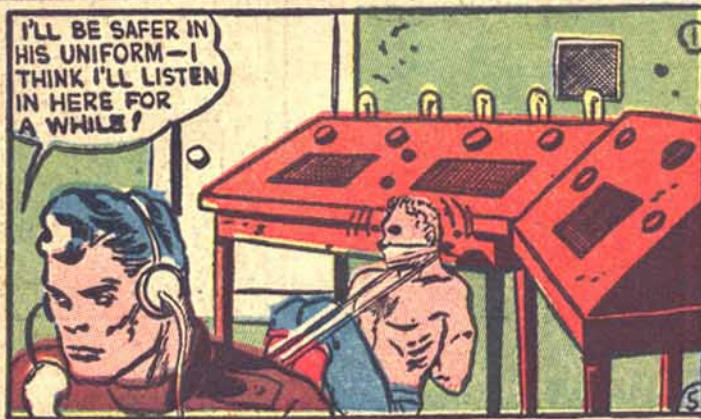
AND STILL MORE HOURS LATER.....

MADE IT.....
GOSH... THAT SURE... WAS A...
TOUGH JOB...
PUFF, PUFF.

RECOVERING HIS STRENGTH, BOYLE STARTS TO SEARCH THE COUNTRY-SIDE.

OH BOY! THIS IS IT! THOSE TWO SETS OF TREES MUST BE RADIO MASTS.

I'LL RUN UP AND LOOK INTO THAT FARM-HOUSE!



HIGH COMMAND CALLING!
GET THE ROBOT OPERATED
TANKS ABOARD THE GIANT
TRANSPORT PLANES.
THE FIRST INVASION
FLIGHT IS TO START
IMMEDIATELY!

HIGH COMMAND CALLING!
BE SURE THE ROBOT
TANKS ARE ALL SET,
SO THAT THE RADIO
BEAM CONTROL WILL
SET THEM IN
MOTION AT THE
PROPER TIME!

YA
YA

THAT'S
ALL I
WANT TO
KNOW!



OKAY, BUDDY! WHAT DO
YOU KNOW ABOUT THE
ROBOT TANKS—WHERE IS
THEIR BEAM CONTROL
TOWER?

I DON'T
KNOW,
NOTHING!



OKAY! THIS
IS THE LAST
ONE!

BOYLE RETURNS TO HIS PRISONER.

GET READY TO TALK OR YOU'RE
A GONER! I'M PULLING THE PIN
ON THIS GRENADE!

YOU CAN'T
SCARE ME!

MAYBE I CAN'T, BUT
YOU'RE GIVING A
PRETTY GOOD IMI-
TATION OF IT
RIGHT NOW!

HEY! WAIT! COME
BACK! I'LL TELL
YOU ANYTHING!
EVERYTHING!

DOWN THE ROAD THEN TAKE
THE FIRST RIGHT TURN. THE
BEAM CONTROL IS BUILT IN
A TREE, YOU CAN'T MISS
IT. THE TANKS OPERATE
FROM THERE. THEY
DON'T NEED MEN TO
OPERATE
THEM
OR TO
FIRE
THE
GUNS!

THAT'S NICE TO
KNOW, NOW MAY-
BE IT'LL RELIEVE
YOU TO KNOW THAT
THERE'S NO FUSE
IN THIS GRE-
NADE, IT CAN'T
EXPLODE!



FLIGHT 63X CALLING... WE ARE NOW OVER THE ENGLISH CHANNEL...

AH! THIS IS THE WAY UP!

HIGH COMMAND CALLING... ALL TANKS ARE NOW ENROUTE TO ENGLAND



GOOD! EMPTY! THE GUYS WHO BELONG HERE CAN'T BE FAR AWAY! **SPEED!** THAT'S WHAT I NEED!

LAND THE PLANES ENCIRCLING LONDON... THE TANKS WILL THEN GO INTO ACTION...

FLIGHT 49Z CALLING. ALL IS WELL. NO BRITISH PLANES HAVE SIGHTED US YET...



...THIS IS THE DIAL THAT STARTS THE TANKS! THIS SHOULD BE GOOD! WISH I WERE THERE TO WATCH THE FIREWORKS!



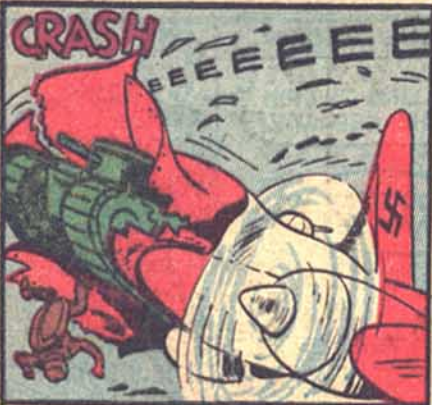
WHILE ABOARD A NAZI TANK TRANSPORT

JA! SOONER THAN THEY EXPECT, OUR TANKS WILL ATTACK

SOON, JA?



HEY! YOT'S DIS? DE TANK IS MOVING!



CRASH



BOOM

INSIDE THE HIGH-FLYING TRANSPORTS THE TANKS BREAK LOOSE. THE ATTACK ON ENGLAND IS FRUSTRATED!



SO LONG, BOYS... GIVE MY REGARDS TO THE PAPER-HANGER!

SHOOT HIM

BOYLE, HAVING BEEN DISCOVERED, RACES BACK TO THE ENGLISH CHANNEL...



THOSE BOATS LOOKING FOR ME WON'T DARE COME ANY CLOSER TO THESE MINES!



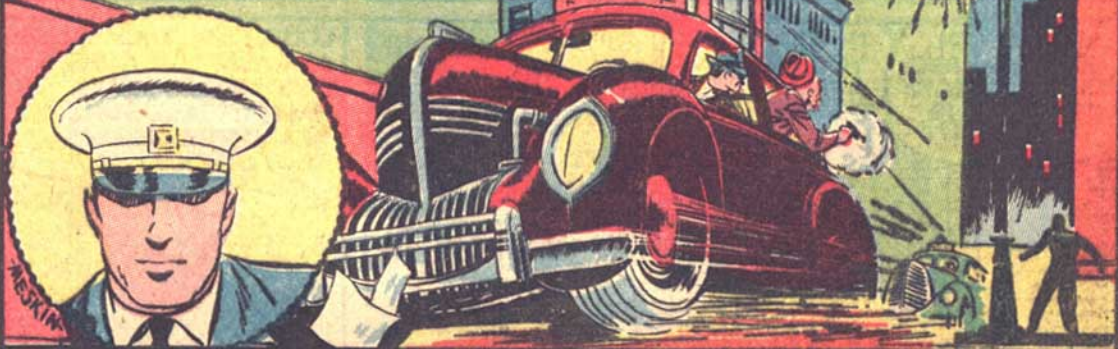
LATER... GLAD TO SEE YOU BACK, BOYLE! AND THAT WAS A SWEET JOB YOU DID!

NOTHING AT ALL, MAJOR! I NEEDED THE EXERCISE ANYWAY!

SERGEANT BOYLE FIGHTS ON IN EVERY ISSUE OF PEP COMICS

Lee Sampson MIDSHIPMAN

THE ARMY-NAVY FOOTBALL GAME HAS JUST BEEN FINISHED, AND THE MIDSHIPMEN ARE IN A HOTEL IN PHILADELPHIA, ABOUT TO RETURN TO ANNAPOLIS.....



THE SHRILL SCREAM OF A SIREN IS HEARD, AS A POLICE CAR GIVES CHASE TO BANDITS THRU PHILADELPHIA'S STREETS....



I SHOT ONE OF THE TIRES... THEY'RE AS GOOD AS CAUGHT!!



THE BANDIT'S CAR HURTTLES INTO A POLE!



WE'RE SUNK, HOPPER!

NOT YET, WE AIN'T! C'MON LET'S RUN FOR IT!



THE COPS ARE RIGHT ON OUR TAILS! WE GOTTA STEP ON IT!



THERE THEY GO!
DON'T LET 'EM
GET AWAY!
SHOOT TO KILL!



QUICK! LET'S
DUCK INTO
THIS HOTEL,
CLIP!!



MIDSHIPMEN
SAMPSON AND
JONES CHECK-
ING OUT... IS
THAT RIGHT?

THAT'S RIGHT...
YOU GET US
A CAB,
SHIPWRECK!

OKAY
LEE!



LOOK, CLIP... THEM VALISES
ARE JUST LIKE OURS....
THAT MIDSHIPMAN'S
NAME IS SAMPSON... I
HEARD THE CLERK SAY
IT... I GOT AN
IDEA!



SAMPSON... MIDSHIP-
MAN SAMPSON WANTED
ON THE PHONE!

THAT'S
ME, BOY!

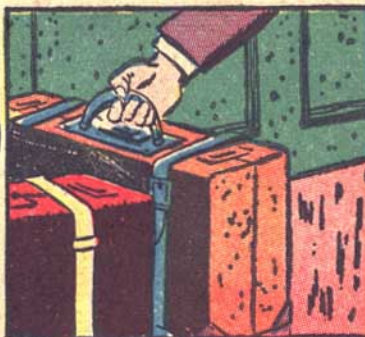


THAT'S FUNNY...
WHO COULD
BE CALLING
ME UP?

IT WORKED!
... QUICK!
GRAB HIS
VALISE!



NOW I GOTTA WORK
FAST AND PUT HIS
STUFF IN MY
BAG BEFORE
HE RETURNS







WELL, HERE WE
ARE AT ANNAPOLIS!
WHAT DO WE
NOW, HOPPER?



ASK SOME-
BODY FOR
SAMPSON,
DOPE.



ER...EXCUSE ME.
COULD YOU TELL
ME WHERE MID-
SHIPMAN SAMP-
SON'S QUAR-
TERS ARE?



WHY CERTAINLY,
SIR. I'LL TAKE
YOU THERE
MYSELF!



ER...NO THANKS...
WE'RE HIS UNCLES.
...WE WANT TO
SURPRISE
HIM!



HA, HA...I
UNDER-
STAND! IT'S
ROOM 26
IN THE DORMI-
TORIES!

SHIPWRECK HAS A
VISITOR TOO...HIS DAD.



WHERE'S LEE SAMP-
SON, SON... I'D
LIKE TO SEE HIM
AND SAY HELLO

SURE, DAD...



HE MUST BE IN HIS
ROOM...WAIT HERE,
DAD, I'LL GO GET HIM!

ALL RIGHT,
SON.

MEANWHILE... IN LEE'S ROOM....



HERE IT IS, CLIP...
OUR VALISE...
EVERYTHING'S
PERFECT!

LET'S GET
THE SWAG
AND GET
OUT OF HERE!



LEE!
HEY LEE!

THAT'S
O'KEEFE
CALLING ME,
MAE. WON-
DER WHAT
HE WANTS?



YOUR UNCLES JUST CAME.
I TOLD 'EM WHERE YOUR ROOM
IS...THEY MUST BE THERE
WAITING
FOR
YOU!

UNCLES! WHY,
I HAVE NO
UNCLES!

SHIPWRECK APPROACHES
LEE'S ROOM.....

LEE! HEY,
LEE...

CRIPES! IT'S
A MIDDIE....
DUCK, QUICK!

MAKE YOURSELF
AT HOME....

NEVER MIND THE WISE-
CRACKS.... GRAB THAT
VALISE AND LET'S
LAM!!

OOOH!!

LOOK, HOPPER!
SAMPSON!

WE AIN'T WASTIN'
ANY TIME WITH
THIS MUG! HE
GETS HIS!

OH! SO
YOU'RE MY
UNCLES!

OOOF!

YOU'VE GOTTA
BE QUICKER ON
THE DRAW THAN
THAT, UNCLE
!!

NOW, YOU
GET YOURS,
PUNK!

OOOH! I'M STILL
GROGGY! HEY! HE'S
GONNA SHOOT LEE!

WANNA PLAY
UNCLE, HUH?
OKAY, SAY
UNCLE!

SLUG ME WHEN
I'M NOT LOOKING,
WILL YOU? WELL,
HERE'S SOME-
THING FOR
YOUR FAM-
ILY AL-
BUM!

MAE AND THE SUPERINTENDENT OF THE ACADEMY COME RUNNING UP...



HERE, HERE!
WHAT'S GOING
ON?

IT IS NOW,
MAE

LEE! IS
EVERYTHING
ALRIGHT?

WHAT HAPPENED
MIDSHIPMAN
SAMPSON?
WHO ARE
THESE
MEN?

THESE MEN
ARE CROOKS,
SIR! THEY VERY
CLEVERLY
SWITCHED SUIT-
CASES WITH ME
IN PHILADELPHIA!



THEY DIDN'T THINK I WOULD
DISCOVER THEIR
LOOT IN THIS
SECRET COM-
PARTMENT!

SO YOU SEE, I KNEW
THEY'D COME FOR
THEIR VALISE AND
I WAS WAITING
FOR THEM!

VERY CLEVER, SAMP-
SON! BUT HOW DID
YOU DETECT THE
SWITCH? THE
VALISES LOOK
EXACTLY ALIKE!



LEE BLUSHES FUR-
IOUSLY.....

WELL...ER... THAT
IS, SIR.... I MEAN..
...ER...



...ER C'MON
MAE.....
LET'S GO!



HA, HA! EXCUSE ME SIR.... HE'S
TRYING TO SAY HE ALWAYS KEEPS
MAE'S PICTURE ON TOP WHERE
IT WON'T BE DAMAGED! IT WAS
ON THE BOTTOM WHEN
HE UNPACKED!!

HA!
HA!

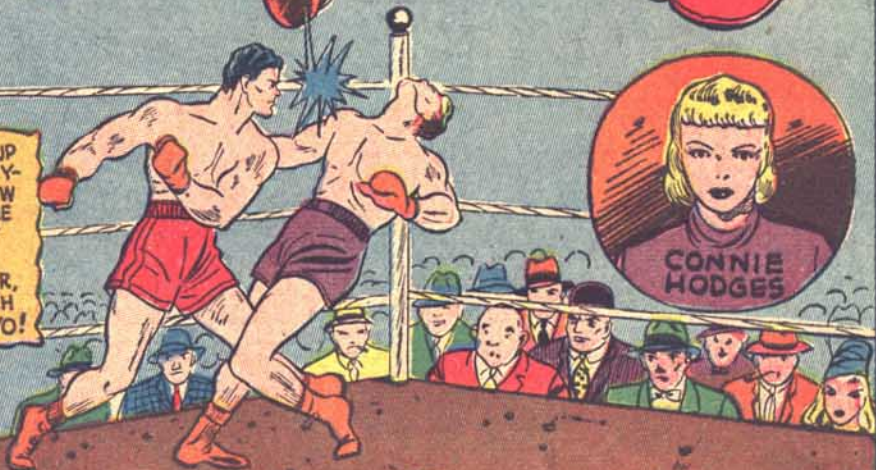
HO!
HO!

THE MIDSHIPMAN NEVER
FAILS TO GIVE YOU YOUR
MONEY'S WORTH IN
READING PLEASURE...
HE APPEARS IN EVERY
ISSUE OF PEP COMICS.

KAYO WARD

KAYO WARD, RUNNER-UP TO THE WORLD'S HEAVY-WEIGHT TITLE, IS NOW A MOVIE STAR AND HE DOESN'T LIKE IT. BUT CONNIE HODGES, HIS FIANCEE, ALSO A STAR, LIKES IT.... TOO MUCH IN FACT, TO SUIT KAYO!

BY
BOB WOOD
AND
Harry Shorten.



SWELL PARTY CONNIE'S THROWIN' HUH, KAYO?

IT'S THE THIRD ONE THIS WEEK, PUNCHY!



I'M GETTIN' TIRED OF THIS KIND OF BUSINESS, PUNCHY! IT AIN'T THE LIFE FOR CONNIE 'N ME!

CONNIE DOESN'T THINK SO, KAYO! WHY DONCHA SPEAK TO HER?



I WILL..... CONNIE, I'M TIRED OF HOLLYWOOD. LET'S GO BACK TO NEW YORK. I'M A FIGHTER-NOT A ACKTOR!

WHY, KAYO, YOU MUST BE OUT OF YOUR MIND!



MAYBE YOU'RE SATISFIED BEING A VULGAR FIGHTER BUT I HAVE A CAREER. YOU'RE JEALOUS, THAT'S WHAT.

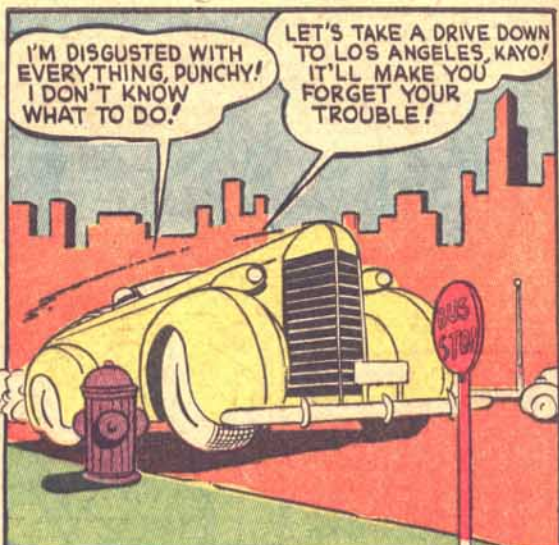
CONNIE! HOW COULD YOU'VE SAY SUCH A THING?





IF THAT'S THE WAY SHE FEELS, ALL RIGHT, I'M GETTIN' OUTTA HERE!

HEY, WAIT UP FER ME, KAYO!



I'M DISGUSTED WITH EVERYTHING, PUNCHY! I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO!

LET'S TAKE A DRIVE DOWN TO LOS ANGELES, KAYO! IT'LL MAKE YOU FORGET YOUR TROUBLE!



LOOK, PUNCHY! A CARNIVAL SHOW!

LET'S GO IN! IT MIGHT GIVE US A FEW LAUGHS!



MAN! THESE HOT DOGS TASTE SWELL. THIS CARNIVAL'S MORE FUN THAN THOSE STUCK-UP MOVIE STARS!

HEY, KAYO!

SOMEONE'S CALLING YOU, KAYO!



DON'T YOU RECOGNIZE AN OLD FRIEND, KAYO? HARRUMPH! HOW DO YOU LIKE MY CARNIVAL?

SENATOR POPOFF! DO YOUSE OWN THIS CARNIVAL?



I HAVE A PRINCELY IDEA, KAYO! AN EXHIBITION BOUT BETWEEN YOU AND.....

WHY-ER-

NUTHIN' DOIN'! KAYO AIN'T INTERESTED!

SEE HERE, MY GOOD FELLOW, KAYO'S A DEAR FRIEND OF MINE. HE'D BE GLAD TO DO IT!

YEAH! WELL, I THINK YOU'RE A PHONY!



PLEASE DON'T FIGHT, BOYS!



I'LL DO IT, SENATOR! DO YOU'SE THINK YOU COULD ARRANGE SOMETHIN FOR PUNCHY, TOO?

ER....HARRUMPH! PERHAPS!

AW. NUTS!

LATER

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!
OUR FIRST EXHIBITION WILL
BE A COLOSSAL, TITANIC BOUT
BETWEEN PUNCHY NOSENBLOOM,
AND A SAVAGE
OPPONENT!

HIYA,
FOLKS!

CLAP, CLAP!

HOORAY!

RAY!

PUNCHY'S OPPONENT SOON STEPS INTO
THE RING — A KANGAROO.

HEY, WHAT IS THIS?
I AIN'T NO ANIMAL
TRAINER. THAT DIRTY,
DOUBLE-CROSSIN'
POPOFF!

GLUMPH,
GLUMPH!

GONG! THE
FIGHT
IS ON!

OKAY! I'LL PUNCH THIS
BEEZARK ON THE SNOOT
'N THEN....

OOOF!

OOOOO

WHY, THE DIRTY.... HIT ME WHEN I
WASN'T LOOKIN'! NO KANGAROO'S
GONNA MAKE A MONKEY
OUTTA ME!

THE FIGHT CONTINUES —
BUT NOT FOR LONG —

BOP!

HOURS LATER

PUNCHY! PUNCHY!
WAKE UP!

WH...WHAT HIT
ME? DIDJA GET
HIS LICENSE
NUMBER?

WELL, G'BYE,
SENATOR. I'LL
BE BACK TO-
MORROW FOR
MY FIGHT!

ER...KOFF,
KOFF, OF
COURSE!
AU REVOIR,
KAYO!
HARRUMPH!

KOFF! KOFF! KAYO'S WALLET!
VERY PECULIAR. MUST HAVE
STUCK TO MY FINGERS —
HARRUMPH!



MEANWHILE, IN THE APARTMENT OF RUPY LEVEZ,
FIERY GLAMOR STAR, WHO HATES KAYO.

RUPY! WOTTA
BREAK! IT'S OUR
CHANCE TO GET EVEN
WITH KAYO!

WHAT EES
EET, RONNIE?



I JUST CAME FROM A CARNI-
VAL. KAYO'S DUE TO PUT ON
AN EXHIBITION BOUT
TOMORROW!

HMM?



SO! KAYO BOX IN CARNIVAL.
HA! MAYBE RUPY FEEZ SO
HE LOOK LIKE CHUMP
INSTEAD OF CHAMP. NO
ONE CAN TURN RUPY DOWN!



NEXT DAY

WELL, I STILL THINK IT
WUZ THIS PHONY WOT
COPPED YOUR WALLET,
YESTERDAY!

YOUSE
SHUDN'T SAY
SUCH THINGS,
PUNCHY!

BRRRF! HOW
DARE YOU ACCUSE
ME!



I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW THAT
SENATOR POPOFF IS THE SOUL
OF HONESTY... WHY, I OOPS!
(BURP, KOFF, KOFF.)

LOOK, KAYO!
YOUR WALLET.
THE DIRTY
CHISELER!

THERE'S SOME
MISTAKE, I'M SURE!



MEANWHILE, RONNIE ARRIVES AT THE CARNIVAL
WITH SEVERAL BRUISEIS.

ALL RIGHT! NOW
YOU BOYS KNOW
WHAT TO DO!

DON'T WORRY,
SLEEK. THEY'LL
CARRY WARD OUT
ON A STRETCHER!



AND LADEEZ AN' GENTLEMEN, I, SENATOR
POPOFF, A MAN OF MATCHLESS INTEGRITY,
OFFER FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS TO ANYONE
WHO CAN KNOCK OUT KAYO WARD (KOFF,
BRRMPH, AND FURTHERMORE, ETC. ETC.!



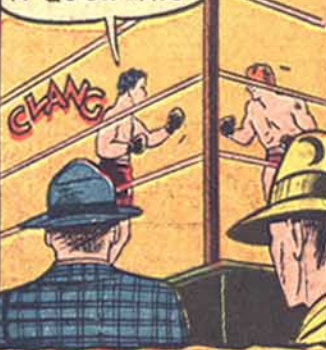
IN KAYO'S CORNER—

CRIPES, KAYO, THEM LUGS COMIN' UP ARE PRO-FIGHTERS- FOUR OF THEM! IT'S A FRAME-UP!! YOU CAN'T GO THROUGH WITH IT!!

NO, PUNCHY, I'LL FIGHT 'EM



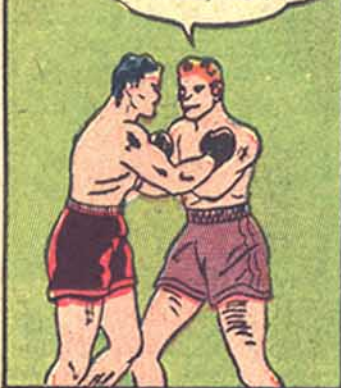
HE'LL TRY TO WEAR ME DOWN I GOTTA TRY FOR A QUICK KAYO



KAYO'S FIRST OPPONENT, BUCKTOOTH BROWN, COMES FORWARD

KAYO'S HUNCH IS RIGHT. BUCKTOOTH BACK PEDALS FOR THREE ROUNDS

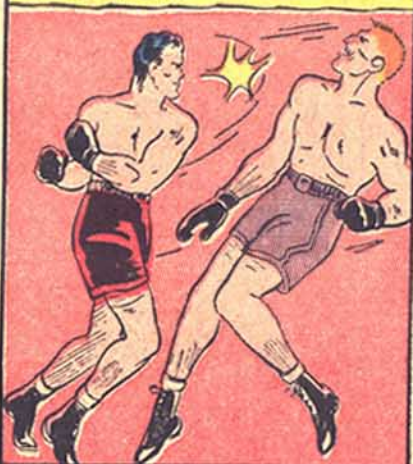
HAW, HAW, WARD! GETTIN A LITTLE TIRED, HUH?



A LIGHTNING LEFT CRACKS AGAINST BUCKTOOTH'S JAW-- AND CURTAINS!

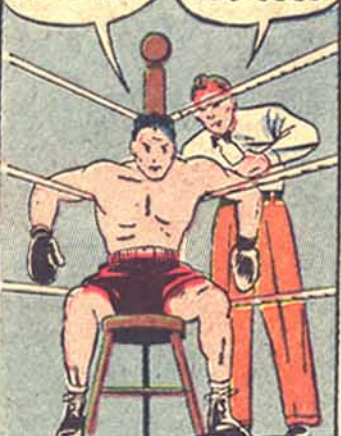


KAYO'S NEXT TWO OPPONENTS USE SIMILAR TACTICS FOR SEVEN ROUNDS BEFORE KAYO CATCHES UP TO THEM.



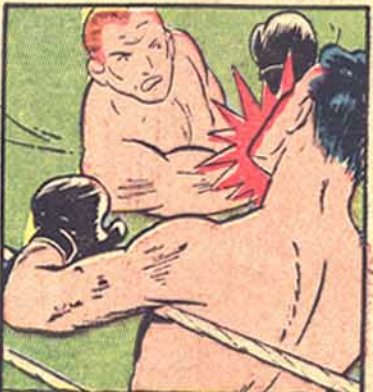
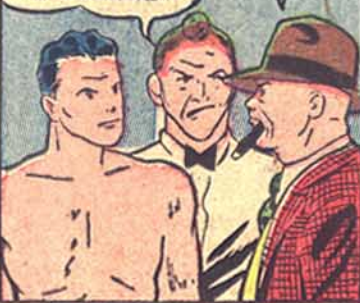
PUFF, PUFF! PUNCHY! I GUESS I AIN'T IN SUCH GOOD CONDITION!

THEY'RE SA- VIN' 'SLUGGER' BROWN FER LAST... AND HE'S GOOD!



YA GOTTA QUIT, KAYO! YOU'RE NEARLY WORE OUT ALREADY! YA WON'T BE ABLE TO STAND UP AGAINST THE SLUGGER!

HE CAN'T QUIT! I...I HAVEN'T GOT THE \$5000 FORFEIT MONEY!



KAYO, LEG-WEARY AND BATTERED, COMES OUT FOR THE LAST BOUT AGAINST A FRESH OPPONENT!

WHEW! WARD CAN HARDLY STAND ON HIS FEET! HE'S TAKING AN AWFUL DRUBBING!

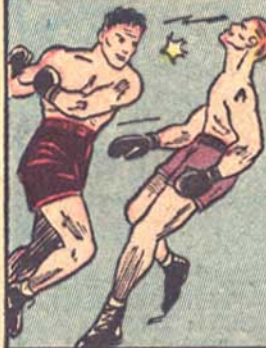


WHILE RONNIE SLEEK GLOATS.

RUPY'S PLAN IS WORKING PERFECT! WARD'S REPUTATION WILL BE RUINED WHEN THE SLUGGER KNOCKS HIM COLD.



BUT KAYO'S FIGHTING HEART KEEPS HIM GOING... SUDDENLY- AN ELECTRIFYING HOOK WITH HIS LAST OUNCE OF STRENGTH....



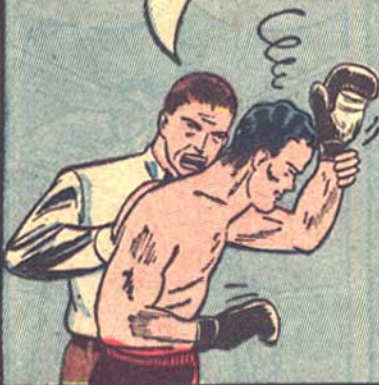
...HURTLES THE SLUGGER ACROSS THE RING INTO THE ROPES....



BUT BEFORE HE GOES DOWN, HE BOUNCES BACK AND BUTTS KAYO'S EYE!



8...9...10...AND OUT!! THE WINNAH! HEY! HE'S REELING....WARD'S HURT BAD! CALL A DOCTOR!!



A DOCTOR LOOKS AT WARD!

IT'S HIS EYE! THAT LAST BLOW INJURED THE OPTIC NERVE! HE NEEDS AN OPERATION IMMEDIATELY!!



KAYO! I JUST HEARD! IT'S TERRIBLE!



NEXT DAY IN THE HOSPITAL....

PUNCHY TOLD ME ALL ABOUT THAT FRAME-UP, KAYO! AND... AND...I'M DISGUSTED WITH HOLLYWOOD, TOO! I WANT TO GO BACK WITH YOU!

GEE! DO YOU MEAN IT, CONNIE?



GOOPS! EXCUSE ME!

WHAT DO YOU THINK, SWEETHEART!



IN PRODUCER GINSBURG'S OFFICE....

EVERYBODY IN HOLLYWOOD KNOW'S YOU TWO RATS FRAMED KAYO! YOU'RE FIRED!!

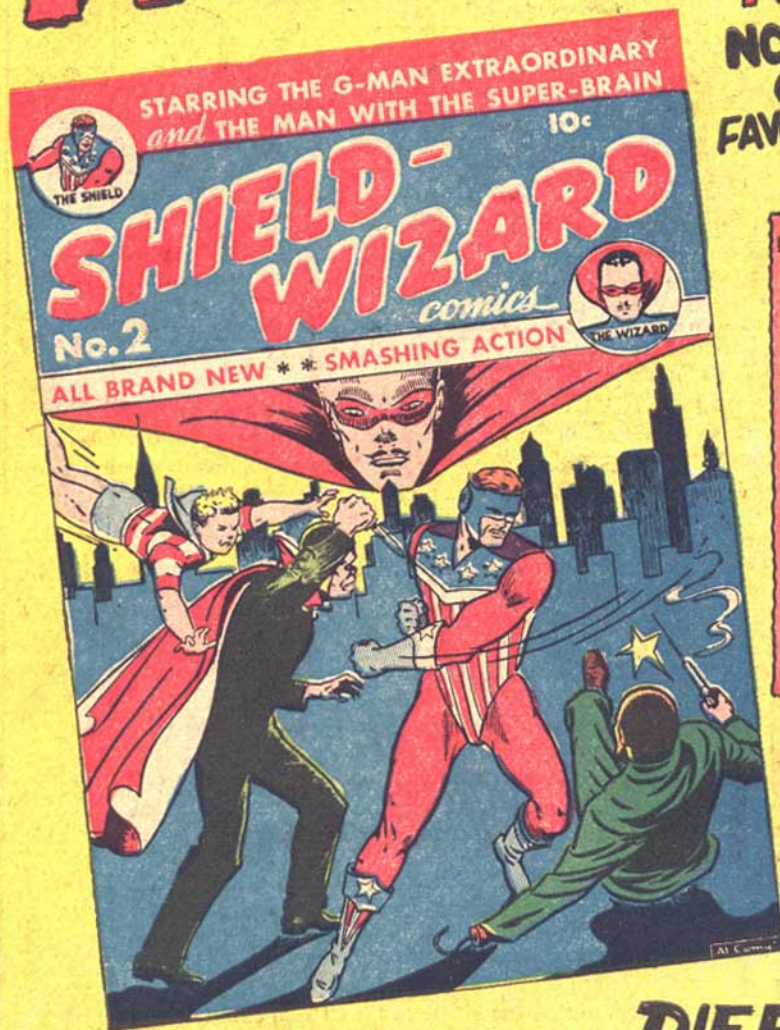
B.BUT GINSY...



KAYO WARD BUILDS UP TO A RETURN BOUT WITH JOE LOUIS IN NEXT MONTH'S DEP COMICS..

HERE IT IS

THE NEW
NO. 2 ISSUE
OF YOUR
FAVORITE MAGAZINE



LOOK
FOR
Tommy
THE
SUPER
BOY!

ALL
NEW!
ALL

DIFFERENT

ON SALE AT ALL NEWSTANDS

THE **ROCKET**

AND THE QUEEN OF DIAMONDS

BELIEVING THAT HIS WORK IN THE DIAMOND EMPIRE WAS DONE, THE ROCKET TOOK OFF IN HIS SPACE SHIP. BUT THE QUEEN OF DIAMONDS LEARNED OF HIS PLAN AND STOWED AWAY WITH HIM. HOWEVER AN ACCIDENT IN SPACE CAUSED THE SHIP TO CRASH ON A STRANGE PLANET, WHERE THE ROCKET AND THE QUEEN FELL IN WITH THE PIGWIDGEONS—A RACE OF LILLIPUTIANS. WHEN THE LATTER WERE ATTACKED BY THE GROMANS, A RACE OF FULL-GROWN MEN, THE ROCKET AND QUEEN REPULSED THEM—THUS EARNING THE UNDYING GRATITUDE OF THE PIGWIDGEONS

WHEN THIS SHIP IS COMPLETED, YOUR MAJESTY, WE'LL START OUT AFTER THE GROMANS!

IT'S SHAMEFUL THE WAY THEY HAVE ATTEMPTED TO KILL OFF THESE HARMLESS LITTLE PIGWIDGEONS!

L. N. STREETER - JOE BLAIR

NOW THAT WE HAVE SOME FULL-GROWN PEOPLE FOR ALLIES, WE'LL TEACH THOSE GROMANS A THING OR TWO!

I THINK IT'S A GRAND IDEA, SIR ROCKET!—BUILDING THIS BOAT!

THE PIGWIDGEONS ARE CERTAINLY DOING A GOOD JOB OF IT!

WHEN IT'S FINISHED, WE SAIL AGAINST THE GROMANS! THOSE BEASTS MUST BE TAUGHT NOT TO PREY ON THE LITTLE PEOPLE!

ACCORDING TO THESE PLANS THE SHIP SHOULD BE FINISHED BY NOW!

IT IS, SIR ROCKET! THEY'RE PUTTING ON THE NAME RIGHT NOW! LOOK!

YOU'RE RIGHT! I GUESS THAT'S THE FINISHING TOUCH!



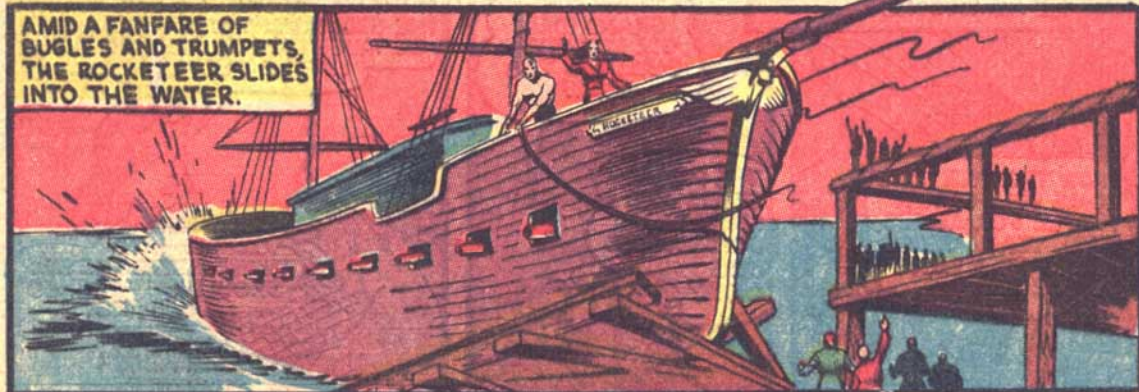
OUR ROCKET GUNS, FOOD, WATER, MEDICAL SUPPLIES—EVERYTHING IS ABOARD!

LET'S GO, SIR ROCKET! I'M ALL READY!



THE PIGWIDGON BUGLER SOUNDS OFF... ANNOUNCING THE COMPLETION OF THE "ROCKETEER"

AMID A FANFARE OF BUGLES AND TRUMPETS, THE ROCKETEER SLIDES INTO THE WATER.



WHAT'S ALL THE COM-MOTION? OH, LOOK! THERE COMES THE RABBIT CAVALRY AND GENERAL SCHMUTZPUSS!



HEY! STOP!

WAIT FOR ME! HOLD EVERY-THING!

GET ME A MOTOR LAUNCH! GET ME A CUTTER! GET ME A SPEED-BOAT!

BUT THERE ARE NONE, MY GENERAL!

DON'T CONTRADICT ME! I DON'T CARE WHAT KIND OF A BOAT—GET ME ONE

SO, A ROWBOAT IS ALL I GET! WE'LL WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR? SHOVE OFF!

YES, GENERAL!

HERE HE COMES, ROCKET!

AHOY FOR GENERAL SCHMUTZPUSS!

COME ALONG-SIDE, GENERAL! WE'LL PICK YOU UP!

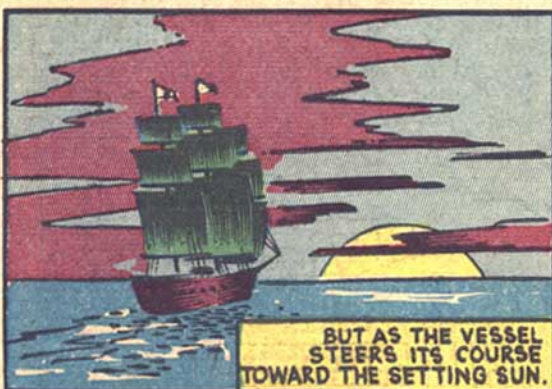
IT'S A GOOD THING I GOT ABOARD IN TIME! THIS MAY BE A VERY DANGEROUS VOYAGE!

BUT WITH ME IN COMMAND, YOU CAN REST ASSURED THAT THE GROMANS ARE PRACTICALLY CAPTURED!

WE'RE GLAD TO HAVE YOUR HELP, GENERAL!

ANCHORS AWEIGH! FULL SPEED AHEAD! QUARTER FATHOM RIGHT! THREE QUARTERS LEFT! AVAST!

THE ROCKETEER SETS SAIL ON ITS FIRST GREAT ADVENTURE.....



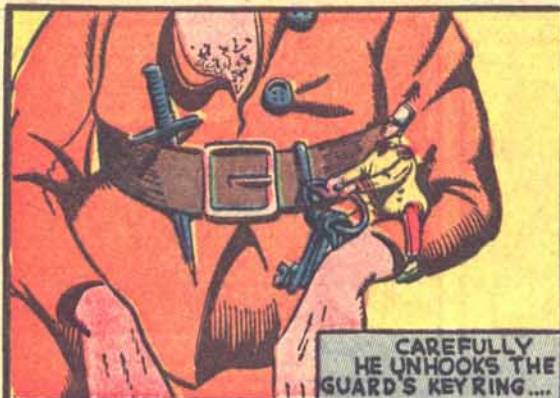


POOR GENERAL SCHMUTZPUSS! I GUESS HE WAS KILLED, TOO!

IT'S ALL PRETTY HOPELESS RIGHT NOW!

OUTSIDE THE BRIG, AS THE GUARD DROPS OFF TO SLEEP..

THE GENERAL POPS OUT OF HIS POCKET



FOLLOWING GENERAL SCHMUTZPUSS'S PLAN THE QUEEN AND THE ROCKET RACE TO THE PIRATE CHIEF'S CABIN



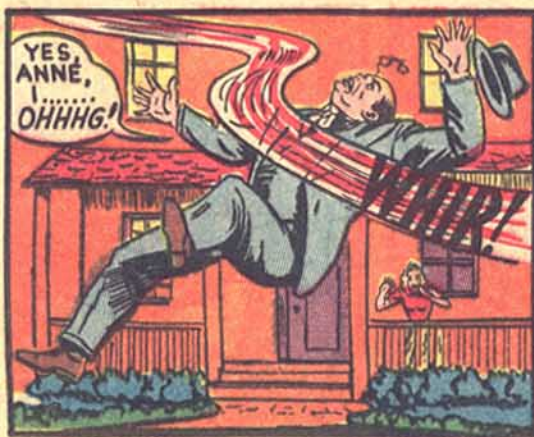
BENTLEY

of SCOTLAND YARD

ONE DAY, AS SIR
CECIL FARRELL
RETURNS FROM
A STROLL.....



THE RIDDLE OF THE WHIRRING WINGS





AN HOUR LATER...

I'M INSPECTOR BENTLEY OF SCOTLAND YARD!

COME IN, INSPECTOR! THEY'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU!



I'M GLAD YOU'VE COME, INSPECTOR! I'M JOHN FARRELL!

IT WAS YOUR BROTHER, THEN, WHO MET WITH DISASTER!

AND I'M BOB FARRELL! HE...HE WAS MY DAD.



EXCUSE ME FOR BEING SO IRRELEVANT, BUT I CAN'T HELP ADMIRING THOSE FISH! I'M A BIT OF A SPORTSMAN MYSELF!



THOSE ARE MY PRIZES, INSPECTOR! I'M MIGHTY PROUD OF THEM.

YOU SHOULD BE, MR. FARRELL! BUT NOW---



IS THAT ALL YOU CAN THINK OF TO TALK ABOUT AT A TIME LIKE THIS?

ANNE, I THOUGHT YOU WERE RESTING?



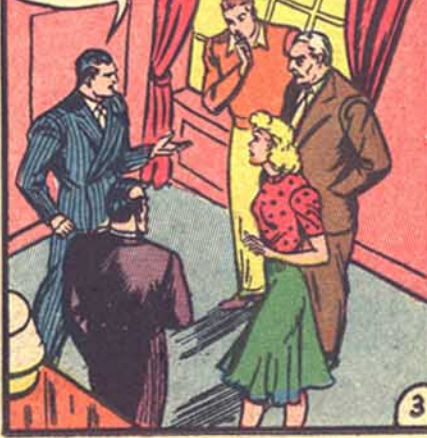
WOULD YOU MIND TELLING ME EXACTLY WHAT YOU SAW WHEN YOU WERE ON THE PORCH AND YOUR FATHER WAS COMING UP THE WALK? WAS SUDDENLY, HE KILLED CLUTCHED HIS THROAT AND THERE WAS A WHIRRING SOUND LIKE—LIKE THE WINGS OF A BIRD!



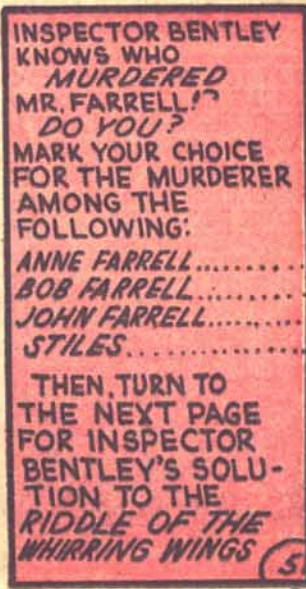
IT SEEMS INCREDIBLE THAT ANYTHING INVISIBLE COULD HAVE KILLED YOUR FATHER! HOWEVER, SUCH THINGS HAVE HAPPENED!



I'M GOING TO ASK ALL OF YOU TO GO TO YOUR ROOMS! I WOULD LIKE TO FEEL FREE TO INVESTIGATE THIS IN MY OWN WAY!







BUT IT'S IMPOSSIBLE, INSPECTOR
NOBODY BUT ANNE WAS NEAR MY
BROTHER WHEN HE WAS
KILLED!

THAT'S TRUE
ENOUGH,
MR. FARRELL!
HOWEVER...



I'M ARRESTING YOU
FOR THE MURDER
OF YOUR BROTHER!

DON'T—DON'T BE
SUCH A FOOL!
HOW COULD I.....

I'LL SHOW YOU HOW IN A SECOND! BOB,
WOULD YOU OBLIGE ME BY BRINGING
THE FISHING ROD FROM YOUR UNCLE'S
BEDROOM!

WELL, SURE—
BUT.....



NOW—IF YOU WILL NOTICE—THE END OF
THAT LINE HAS RAZOR-LIKE BARBS AT-
TACHED TO IT! I SAW THEM WHEN THE ROD
WAS HANGING ON THE WALL DOWNSTAIRS.
AFTER I WAS ATTACKED I NO-
TICED THAT THE ROD WAS
MISSING!

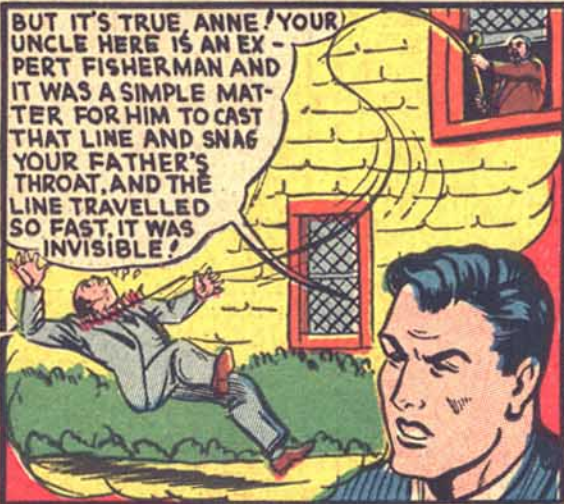


WHIEW! THOSE BARBS ARE
ENOUGH TO RIP ANY MAN'S
THROAT TO SHREDS!

I—I JUST
CAN'T
BELIEVE
IT!



BUT IT'S TRUE, ANNE! YOUR
UNCLE HERE IS AN EX-
PERT FISHERMAN AND
IT WAS A SIMPLE MAT-
TER FOR HIM TO CAST
THAT LINE AND SNAG
YOUR FATHER'S
THROAT, AND THE
LINE TRAVELLED
SO FAST, IT WAS
INVISIBLE!



SO THE OTHER SOUND QUITE LIKE IT—
THOUGHT AND THERE ISN'T ANOTHER
WAS WHIRRING SOUND QUITE LIKE THE ONE
WINGS WAS OF A TRAP DROPPING OUT
REALLY THE WHIR OF THE FROM UNDER YOUR FEET WHEN
REEL! YOU'RE ON THE
GALLOWS!



MORE THRILLING ADVENTURES OF
BENTLEY OF SCOTLAND YARD IN EVERY
ISSUE OF **PEP COMICS**

I'll help you Get a **DAISY** for **CHRISTMAS**

—Red Ryder



The New GOLDEN BANDED 1000-SHOT **RED RYDER** Saddle **CARBINE**

—LICENSED BY STEPHEN SLEVINER, INC., N.Y.

Let Red Ryder help you get **THE Daisy** for Christmas! Just send him the coupon for your **FREE CHRISTMAS REMINDER KIT** enclosing 3c stamp to help cover our handling-postage cost. Daisy's **COPYRIGHTED, FREE CHRISTMAS REMINDER KIT** contains printed "messages" to which you sign your name, pictures of Daisy Air Rifles, and complete directions for using.

You'll have fun doing it. Put "Reminders" under milk bottles, in the mail-box! On Dad's easy chair!

Mail one to Dad where he works! They'll help "sell" your folks on getting you **THE Daisy**—as they helped thousands of boys last Christmas!

Send Coupon, 3-cent stamp now.

Here's **FRED HARMAN** famous cowboy artist who draws **NEA's** popular **RED RYDER** comic strip! Fred's ranch near Pagosa Springs, Colo. His new 12-chapter movie serial **"Adventures of Red Ryder"**—produced by Republic Pictures—is now on the screen. It's thrilling!



See the **Adventures of RED RYDER** by **DON & BARRY** at your theater

Send Coupon
Below For Your

FREE CHRISTMAS Reminder KIT

IT'S REALLY YOURS
for only \$2.95

The Popular 500 SHOT LIGHTNING-LOADER CARBINE

Daisy's original 500-shot Carbine featuring Lightning-Loader magazine and Adjustable Double-Notch Rear Sight. Only \$2.50

\$2.50

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RED RYDER (Care of DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY 872 Union Street, Plymouth, Michigan, U.S.A.)

Dear Red: I enclose 3c stamp for postage-handling expense. Please send me Free, COPYRIGHTED Christmas Reminder Kit.

NAME _____
ST. & NO. _____
CITY _____ STATE _____
☐ Check here if you want Daisy Catalog also.

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Jim Prentice BRINGS YOU ELECTRIC

FOOTBALL

Important
NEW FEATURES

ELECTRIC
THE NEWEST GAME
PLAYING FIELD, BE SURE you get
yours this Christmas!



Hi Boys!

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You and your opponent represent Coach, Quarterback, Line, Ends, Backfield, and Cheering Section of your respective teams. The player who knows smart Football and who can outmaneuver his opponent will control the yardage of the miniature football as it goes up and down the gridiron—but the uncertainty

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Game comes complete, ready to play, with Miniature Football, Timing Device, Lights, Batteries, etc. Packed in brilliant yellow gift box.

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GET THIS
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THERE is fun galore with this popular new Electric Basketball game! You actually feel yourself streaking down the gym floor sinking a "flashy shot" for the team! Plays and scoring follow regulation Basketball from start to finish. Complete with Miniature Basketball, Timing Device, Lights, Batteries, etc. in blue gift box. 1941 MODEL, \$2.